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**OCTOBER, 1935**



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## THE STUDENT'S PEN

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*May those who teach and those who  
learn do their work so well that  
this school year will be rich  
in accomplishment.*

**ROY M. STROUT, Principal**

## *On the Editor's Desk*



### **THE STUDENT'S PEN---1935**

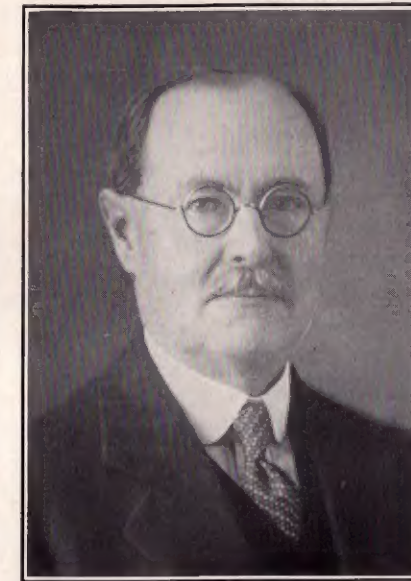
*By William D. Goodwin*

*Vice-Principal and Head of the Latin Department*

WITH this number the STUDENT'S PEN enters the twenty-first year of its current series. Like other birthdays, the occasion seems worthy of some brief recognition.

Started originally in the "gay nineties" under the efficient supervision of Principal Charles A. Byram, the PEN prospered for several years. Finally it suffered a stroke of financial difficulties and thereafter lay dormant for a number of years. In 1914 it was reanimated, and is still "going strong," supported by the weekly nickel collections and by the activity of its advertising staff.

Students should remember that the PEN is their paper. They are responsible not only for its financial support, but also for the matter to fill its pages and for its literary character. In former years articles of real merit and poems showing genuine genius have appeared in every number. It belongs to the present



**WILLIAM D. GOODWIN**

student body to see that the high record of the paper is maintained.

The STUDENT'S PEN provides an unusually fine opportunity for members of the school to gain experience in writing for publication. In the past many budding authors have here seen their first efforts appear in print. The thrill thus aroused is worth all the pains taken to prepare their contributions. The pages of the PEN are open to students who wish to develop a talent for writing.

The new board of editors makes its bow to the readers this month, and promises its best endeavors toward the production of an interesting series of numbers. But the editors alone cannot be expected to accomplish this result. It can be done only through the cooperation of the other students. Let us count on many of them to make this season's PEN, if possible, better than ever. Let the watchword be *Qui non proficit, deficit.*



## BRING ON THE BAND

By Richard F. Lacatell

IN the past our school band has been an active organization. It has marched in parades and has played at various school activities, while it has given invaluable assistance at special assemblies in the auditorium. This service has been appreciated, but there is still one thing that should be done to make the program complete.

Cannot our school follow the example of larger schools and colleges by having the band play at all football games? Everyone realizes what color and spirit is given when a band plays at such contests. It would seem strange indeed, if a larger school did not have its band to play a victory march. Let our school do the same.

There is the psychological effect of a good cheering section on a football team. With the band leading in school songs, a new enthusiasm would be infused in the rooters for our team. The team, responding to the encouragement, would fight valiantly on its way to a goal and renewed glory for our school. A team cannot win unless it has the will to win. A good cheering section would prevent our team's ever suffering from such a state of mental lethargy.

Our band has been outfitted with natty uniforms. Are these uniforms meant to be hidden away in lockers and never seen outside the school? Bring out the uniforms. Show the public that our school has an active band, ready to play at all occasions.

A question about transportation of the band might arise. Because of the few games played away from home the matter should be simple. With a student body as large as ours transportation could easily be found.

Let us set as a goal regular attendance of the band at all games. With a little cooperation this goal can be easily achieved, resulting in new laurels for the team, the band, and the school.

## OUR TRAFFIC SYSTEM

By Isabelle Knollmeyer

IS there efficiency in our high school traffic system? A traffic system is as efficient as its members want to make it. But the fifty earnest young men in our organization must have the cooperation of the student body also. To maintain this system is a responsibility to be shared equally between officers and students.

It is essential that the students understand that their behavior not only reflects their own character but also the character of the whole school. Therefore, if for no other reason than student and school pride, each one should strive for a more cooperative, a more perfect traffic organization in which each individual plays an important part.

Like the world outside, of which the school is a cross section, the human element should be considered. There will always be those who will not and cannot assume responsibility. Then again there will always be that high percentage who desire that things run smoothly. Only through the increase of this latter group will the maximum of safety and order and comfort be assured. This aim, of course, is unattainable with the intermittent occurrence of the following actions: running in corridors, down the stairs, in the cafeteria; moving slowly to hold up traffic on the way to classes; loitering in halls and around lockers; standing in the classroom doorways; and walking on the front side of the school at lunch recess, sometimes five and six abreast, making it necessary for others passing by to step off the walk.

These defections and others like them can not be excused on the ground of thoughtlessness, because we continually have reminders of right and wrong before us in the form of our ever present officers.

Let courtesy and the spirit of cooperation be with us in our high school days, and the same spirit will go with us when we become members of a larger community.

## Short Stories and Essays



## GAPPOLIS GALLOPS TO GALLIPOLIS

By Richard S. Burdick

PLUG. That's all you can call him. Plug is all your older brother can call him, and if you haven't an older brother, then your younger brother, and if you haven't a younger brother then you're lucky, because they are sometimes an awful nuisance, but if you do have one, then all he can call him is Plug, too, because anybody that calls him out and out Horse is one of two things: nearsighted or looney, or maybe both; and if that person is in your family and is nearsighted, I advise you to get him some spectacles, and if he's looney, I advise you to send for the paddy-wagon, and if he's both, I advise you either to change your name, commit suicide, jump in the lake, or buy yourself a spear and a horse and go over to Ethiopia.

And speaking of horses gets me back to Gappolis, which is the name of the plug I'm talking about in Paragraph 1. Gappolis is scrawny and straggly—a good wind will blow him away—and he has club feet, bandy legs, an inverted half-moon back, and ribs that show through his dried-up-orange-peel skin like the ribs of an umbrella, and on top of this he is blind in one eye and can't see much of anything out of the other, and some people say he was born asleep and will never wake up, and how he is named Gappolis nobody knows, except that his owner, Guglielmo Gastranado, who is a dealer in old rags, paper, tin, copper, leather, and anything else you may throw down cellar during spring cleaning, names him Gappolis because Gappolis is an Italian name, and Guglielmo is Italian, and

the Italians love to show their superiority in alphabet juggling when naming their offspring, and though Gappolis isn't Guglielmo's offspring and probably can't spring off a Y. M. C. A. springboard unless he is pushed, nevertheless he belongs to Guglielmo, and Guglielmo is Italian, but I said that before, so I'd better stop and go on with the story.

It seems that on Saturday morning Guglielmo and Gappolis are stopping in front of a house on Pine Street. The house is where Freeman Duntz lives, and the night before, Freeman comes home at an hour when all respectable citizens tell their neighbors they are in bed, but Freeman is making no pretensions at being a respectable citizen, because a couple of hours ago he wins two hundred and fifty dollars in a poker game at his club, and in addition he celebrates with a little too much fire water, so when he tries to open his front door and finds it is locked, he very unrespectably goes through the side porch window—being reluctant about smashing the door down for fear it will awaken his wife, who will then do some smashing of her own—but as he is going in the window his pants catch on the window hook and Mr. Duntz suddenly feels a strong draft. Well, of course he can't wait and ask his wife to sew them in the morning, for she is liable to ask some very embarrassing questions as to how said pants are torn, and Mr. Duntz has a leather-bound, gold-leafed book of Aristotle in his library and his intuition as an amateur philosopher tells him that that wouldn't be



at all right. But in a moment of supreme inspiration he thinks of a way out, so he takes off the ventilated trousers and throws them in the old clothes bag in the cellar and goes upstairs to bed, knowing that his wife will never miss the trousers, but in all the works of Aristotle there is no reference made as to the precautions to be taken when one rips one's pants while crawling in the side porch window after winning two hundred and fifty dollars in a poker game at one's club. However, Freeman Duntz is extra thirsty tonight and drinks more than is good for him, and therefore is not thinking so clearly as might be, so he neglects to remove the two hundred and fifty dollars from his trousers pocket, all of which is most sad, as you are soon to see.

Because on Saturday morning, when Guglielmo comes around to the back door, Mrs. Duntz gives him the bag of old clothes, which makes Guglielmo most happy, because among the clothes he sees a very good pair of pants—fancy ones with grey checks—and though they are somewhat ripped in the seat, he knows he can make them most becoming with a very choice patch in the seat, which he does as he rides along on his wagon.

But for every bit of sunshine that comes into our lives, there seems to be a rain cloud threatening to come along to take it away, and Guglielmo's rain cloud is in the form of Officer Dan O'Casey, who is coming up the street toward Guglielmo, and as he draws near, he says like this:

"Hey, you. . . you gotta license?" And Guglielmo who is ignorant of some of the finer points of The Law, answers like this:

"License? Wotta you mean, eh? Wot's disa license?"

Officer Dan O'Casey takes a good squint at the side of the wagon seat where the license should be, and he replies this way:

"Sure and I ought to be runnin' you in," says Officer Dan, "but I'll letcha go if you'll get a license by three o'clock this afternoon, and if you ain't got one by three o'clock this

afternoon, I'll be runnin' you in. Now get that junk heap out of the way because you're blockin' up traffic!" And with that, Officer Dan permits himself an involuntary bow to the curious audience that has gathered, and moves on up the street, swinging his stick in a way that only a person born with a name like O'Casey can.

Guglielmo mutters under his breath a few Italian phrases that the chronicler's respect for the reputation of this magazine forbids him to record, and says to Gappolis like this: "Giddapa!" which is a waste of breath, and Guglielmo should know better, because Gappolis is asleep as usual, and is dreaming he is stranded on an island of clover in the middle of an ocean of oats, the blessedness of which we humans, not being endowed with the spirit of Equus (which is the Latin for horse), are not fully able to comprehend, and, besides, even if he isn't dreaming, Gappolis can't go any faster than he is going, because some horses are meant to be race horses, some to be cavalry horses, some to be hobby horses, and some to be the exasperation of the motorist in back of them, in which category is Gappolis. But even as all things come of age, so, eventually, do Guglielmo, Gappolis, the wagon, et al., arrive at Guglielmo's shack at the end of Muddy Lane—Private, No Trespassing—and there Guglielmo decides that as soon as he finishes the half-bowl of spaghetti left over from breakfast, he'll take Gappolis and go to Gallipolis, two miles away, and borrow the license money from his good friend Pasquale, who, by the way, has a plump, rosy-cheeked sister who lives with him, and the sister's name is Faustina, and Faustina is just as pretty as her name, so Guglielmo decides to wear the newly acquired pants.

In the meantime, Freeman Duntz, who does not go to the office today, because he has a head that feels like a last year's pumpkin soaked in water, wakes up and commences to look for his previous evening's winnings, but of course he can't find them, so he retraces

as best he can, his actions upon arriving home last night, and suddenly the fog rises from his brain and he dives for the cellar, but, of course, he can't find it—not the cellar, but the old clothes bag which he is looking for—so he asks his wife whereat it is, and she tells him about Guglielmo, after which Mr. Duntz makes a dive for his automobile, and is soon doing a Sir Malcolm Campbell down to the police station.

A couple of minutes later, two policemen come tearing out of the police station and with them is Mr. Duntz. The policemen are glad to get the opportunity to look for Guglielmo, because they are losing in a game of ping-pong against two other policemen, so they jump into a police car, where they start arguing about whose turn it is to operate the siren, and Mr. Duntz says as how he's never had a chance to operate the siren, so they let him do it, and they shove off.

As they are turning down Pine Street they see Guglielmo and Gappolis in front of them, on their way to Gallipolis. They know they are spotting their man, because Mr. Duntz recognizes his pants, so Officer O'Shannigan leans out of the window and hollers this way:

"Hey, youse—pull over to the coib!"

Now, Guglielmo thinks that they are changing their minds about his license and are going to arrest him now, so not wishing to be arrested, he says to Gappolis again: "Giddapa!" Only this time Gappolis gallops, because on the sidewalk are some kids with slingshots, shooting metal darts at a target, but one of the kids, who is not such a hot shot, misses, and the dart hits Gappolis in a place where a horse would sit down, if horses did sit down, all of which causes him to make his hoofs beat the pavement in six-eight time.

The cops, seeing this, are thinking that maybe Guglielmo isn't so innocent about the two hundred and fifty dollars as they are supposing before, so they start after him at a speed which is an open violation of the city speed laws, but as they are gaining on the

wagon, they come to a triple intersection, and the horse and wagon in front of them, tearing hell-bent-for-election, is causing what is commonly known as a traffic jam, and the police are forced to stop along with everyone else, but Gappolis is not stopping, because you know how you jump when you sit on a tack, so you can imagine how poor Gappolis feels with a steel dart sticking in the same place.

By the time the cops manage to straighten out the tieup, Guglielmo is beyond sight down a side street that comes out onto the main road to Gallipolis, but the police think he is taking another one of the streets, so they start burning good gas up that street.

Meanwhile, in Gallipolis, a group of bank robbers hold up the National Bank and are now escaping down Main Street, in their automobile, but about this time who should come tearing up the street in the opposite direction, but Gappolis, still carrying the dart, and poor Guglielmo, hanging onto the swaying wagon for dear life and sputtering frantic Italian nothings to the world at large, and as the crooks' car and the wagon near each other, it looks as if there is to be an argument as to who has the right of way, but it ends up in a decided tie, and the last Guglielmo remembers is that suddenly there is a resounding crash and Gappolis stops, then all the buildings on Main Street are tumbling down upon him, and the next he knows, he is waking up in a hospital room, and he speaks like this:

"Wot's dis, eh? Where am I?" He looks up, and there is Faustina, holding his hand, and Pasquale is there, too, and a policeman with the word "Chief" written on his gold badge, and a man who calls himself Freeman Duntz, and Freeman Duntz, seeing that Guglielmo isn't hurt bad enough not to be able to talk, starts questioning him about what sounds like two hundred and fifty dollars that Mr. Duntz claims he finds in the pocket of the newly-acquired pants, but Guglielmo doesn't know anything about it,



which Freeman Duntz—being an amateur philosopher—is not long in discovering, so he excuses himself and leaves with his two hundred and fifty dollars. Then the Chief tells him how, because of the accident, the police are able to capture the bank robbers, who are a notorious gang, and there is a three thousand dollar reward coming to Guglielmo for their arrest, then Pasquale tells him how Gappolis isn't hurt by the accident, but is just a little sore in the hinder quarters, then Faustina kisses him on the forehead, and the kiss is like a soft mist, and through the mist

he can see himself, Guglielmo, behind a plow on his own little farm in sunny Italy, and the plow is being pulled by his faithful thoroughbred, Gappolis, and in the doorway of a little farm cottage is Faustina, holding a steaming kettle of spaghetti, and Faustina is saying like this:

"Come, Guglielmo, mine hoosband, da spaghet, she iss cooked."

Then, Guglielmo, feeling rather tired, makes sure that Faustina is still holding his hand, and turning over on his pillow, he goes to sleep.

## TAKING A BOW

By Dorothy Klein

THE night of nights had come! My initial entrance to the musical world was about to take place. I was about to be acclaimed as the world's most talented child flute player. So thought my mother. She was in her greatest element that night—in fact, she had been during the whole day, which certainly was lucky for me, as I never would have been able to get to the auditorium if she had not given me pep talks almost every fifteen minutes. She persisted in comparing me to Orpheus. One thing that I couldn't understand then was why everyone was making such a fuss about my playing one piece in my music teacher's recital. Now, as I recall it, many outstanding musicians of the city had been invited, and I suppose Mother thought they would recognize my "superb musical ability". But at that time I had no desire to captivate the world with my playing.

I was treated royally on that day. I had the satisfaction of being asked if I wished to stay home from school, seeing that I had such an important engagement for the evening.

Mother talked incessantly about what a wonderful player I was, and instructed me to hold my head up and not to act so timidly. But every time I thought of the stage, the glaring lights, and the audience, I just couldn't collect the courage to go through

with it. I dreaded to think of what would happen if I played a "sour note".

At seven o'clock I was officially dressed for the occasion. Then came an agonizing two hours of waiting. Each minute was torture. A big lump would come into my throat every time I wanted to say a word, and I'd wonder why I had to be subjected to such anguish.

Came eight o'clock, the ride to the auditorium, and finally eight forty-five, when I was to step before the crowded hall. My legs, hands, and teeth seemed to be having a race to see which could shake the fastest. Toward the end of the number before mine, I lost all courage. I simply could not go on. Then, for no reason at all, something just overpowered me; and when I heard the announcer calling my name, I straightened my shoulders, took a firm grasp on my flute, and decided that the die was cast. I walked on to the stage with my best smile, received the introductory applause, and played my much practiced Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." There was a moment's silence when I finished. My heart sank, but it leapt for joy when the deafening applause broke upon my ears. I felt victorious, for I had lived up to the standard which had been expected by the enthusiastic gathering, and especially by my mother.



DOMES OF PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL



## ADVENTURERS' RETREAT

By Dorothy Carpenter

"JAMES, don't you think eight years are enough to give a fellow an idea of the kind of life he wants to lead?"

Tommy sat propped up with pillows in his bed with all the signs of perplexity evident on his youthful face.

"What is it you wish to do now, Master Thomas?" asked James, the goodnatured butler.

"I've been thinking about going West to-er-ah sort of try my luck at being a sort of well-a cowboy! Don't mention it to Mother though. She would be sure to disapprove."

Breakfast was at nine; Tommy was ready long before. In fact, at seven o'clock he was strolling out on the drive with a small bundle flung over his shoulder. Rubenoff, the faithful Russian wolfhound, was with him. They scampered through the gate and up the avenue, which was quiet except for the occasional rumble of a milk wagon.

Tommy whistled gaily as he strutted along. Never in his life had he felt so independent. He could see himself a two-gun straight-shooter who always got his man. Rubenoff was his wonder dog.

His thoughts were interrupted by a shrill voice behind him.

"Well, if this isn't a coincidence. Here I am up remarkably early with my Fido, and whom do I see but Thomas Winthrop with Rubenoff! Come, we can walk together."

Tommy's dreams were shattered. With big brown eyes glowing and with jaw set, he turned around to face Mrs. Van Whitier, friend and neighbor of his mother.

"I'm sorry but I have got to hurry," spoke Tommy quickly, "they might be looking for us."

"Now aren't you a thoughtful boy," said Mrs. Van Whitier, putting her arm around Tommy and kissing him.

Tommy turned a bright crimson with embarrassment, and the strong scent of perfume left him faint. Just who did she think he was or she was? Quickly he shoved her away from him and darted down the street.

The farther Tommy walked, the more slowly he walked. The unmerciful rays of the sun poured on him. He felt empty inside. Maybe he should have brought his breakfast along with him.

The day lagged on, boy and dog becoming more weary every hour. Rubenoff's tongue hung limply from his mouth. He was thirsty, and he was unused to this sort of thing. He whined, and begged his master to turn back. Perhaps his thoughts were of a comfortable kennel and a cool drink. This was not the life for such a noble dog.

Tommy, on the other hand, was no longer the spic and span, adventure-seeking lad, but rather, a dirty, hungry urchin who had no idea of what to do or where to go. Let's see, his mother would be having tea now in the cool garden with Mary attending her. She might—she might even be worrying about him. Gee, he hadn't thought of that! It wasn't any fun, this meandering around on an empty stomach, and it was a long way West—especially when one had to walk.

Rubenoff with his dog instinct, led the way home; his bedraggled master followed close behind.

It was dusk. The boy and dog had taken a drink from a small brook, had eaten some wild strawberries, and had fallen asleep in the sweet grass of the field. It was night when Tommy awoke. The dark forms of field shrubs hovered over him as if to protect, but Rubenoff would see to that. The jolly-faced moon seemed to Tommy to be looking in the direction of his home. The dog started on; Tommy was quick to follow him.

A joyful whimper from Rubenoff told Tommy that they had not much farther to go. A stumble over the heavy chain across the drive proved it. The house was in complete darkness. By the condition of everything—the unlocked door, the table set with food untouched (that is, untouched until the vagabonds did justice to a good part of it)—Tommy knew that the household had taken a sudden departure. Had he been able to see

what was happening behind the curtains, he would have had an altogether different outlook, for there his mother, Mrs. Van Whitier, and even James happily peered out at him!

What a welcome the two tired adventurers received! How they gobbled up the food set before them, and how good it tasted! And finally how restful was the downy bed into which boy and dog crept exhausted after their search for the "glorious adventure".

## WHY NOT DAY DREAM?

By Harold Melle

YEAR in and year out in the course of human events the poor, overworked inmates of our fair school have fixed their gaze dreamily upon unseen space. Through each weary brain flows a kaleidoscope of events—an ideal trip, an expensive dress that she saw, or that doll-faced girl who said she would wait for him. The professor, little knowing that day dreaming is a weakness that has characterized many of our greatest men, embarrasses the young "thinker" with sarcastic remarks about the apparent femininity of reverie. The professor forgets that the world is a dreamer's paradise.

Many years ago a handsome young gentlemen decided to go for a stroll through nature (alone, mind you) to enjoy the beauties of the earth. Seating himself comfortably beneath the shady boughs of an overburdened apple tree, he gazed wistfully at the smiling heavens. His mind began to wander from the world of reality to the realms of thought. About this same time, for some reason as yet unknown, a sun-kissed, blushing apple fell close by our subconscious dreamer.

As the apple dropped past his bleary line of vision, the mind of our young hero slowly began to function. That apple had fallen off for some reason. There, through the medium of a day dreamer, was born the theory of gravitation.

Music depends to a great extent on dream-like inspirations. The music writer may be caught in the stampede of New York traffic or

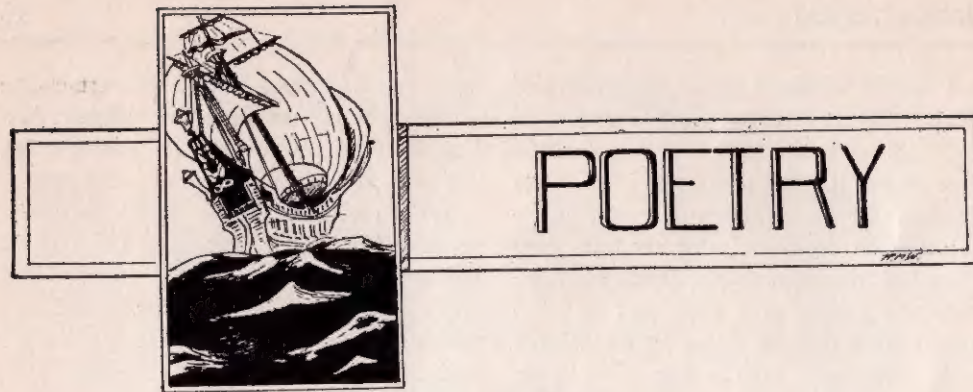
settled peacefully at home, but still his mind will continue to construct unwritten melodies. His surroundings affect his dreams. The bustle of Pittsfield traffic would suggest "Forty-Second Street" or a quick tune such as "Dinah." A peaceful home, on the other hand would suggest a song like "When I Grow Too Old To Dream." The composer literally lives by his dreams. Even listening to a musical composition tends to lead the thoughts astray. Music is an auditory dream.

Poets and story writers, too, indulge to no little extent in day dreaming. Every story and every poem has its background of dreams. A poet takes his dream apart and fashions it into verse after verse of pleasure. The story writer improves on his dreams and creates page after page of interest. Writings are dreams portrayed in words.

Our United States of America was built because of men's dreams of freedom and justice. These dreams were not fulfilled overnight, but took years of labor and sacrifice.

If such great things can come from dreams, the dreamer should be justified. Who knows but what a dreaming student may be building his empire slowly and surely for the beckoning future? He only appears to be looking at the girl across the aisle. Possibly he may be composing a geometric theorem, a song, or a poem, or he may even be formulating the way to trisect an angle—and then his dream is shattered by a meddlesome old professor who does not appreciate the blank look in his eyes.





## EYES

Our eyes are telescopes through which  
Folks view our hidden selves,  
Far down within our minds and souls,  
Where none but God e'er delves.

They are the only paths that lead  
So far from outer things  
To glimpse that place within us all  
From which real feeling springs.

It's hard to face the outer world  
If we have done some wrong  
Without its showing in our eyes,  
Where only truths belong.

We often learn of love or hate  
Or innocence or guilt  
By glancing in these telescopes  
No man has ever built.

If we have had a secret joy,  
It's hard to keep the spark  
From lighting up those pupils that  
Are sure to show the mark.

And so the only way to make  
Our outward selves look fine  
Is to reflect an inner flame  
Where only virtues shine.

*Betty Mitchell*

## WANDERLUST

October, are my days so full  
Of longing, restless yearning  
Because your skies are cloudless blue,  
Because your leaves are turning?

Because your nights are wonder filled  
With harvest moon of yellow;  
Because the grapes are on the vine,  
And orchard fruit is mellow?

Or is it just an ageless thing—  
This urge my heart is feeling—  
An urge that makes me discontent,  
That all repose is stealing?

October, from your flaming hills,  
Where Autumn's fires glisten,  
A voice is calling me to roam—  
Be still my heart, and listen!

*Mary O'Boyle*

## IMMORTALITY

We live but once 'tis said—and yet—  
Who knows, when we are dead,  
What other lands we might explore—  
Those places we've not been before?

The eye can't see nor the mind reveal  
The wonders of a hidden view.  
Does that make certainty the less  
That there is such? If we but knew!

To live, to love, to laugh again—  
What utter joy that thought can bring.  
We must live on. There is no Death  
Since after Winter follows Spring.

*Isabelle Sayles*



## Why the Nickel Collection

By Leonard Kohlhofer

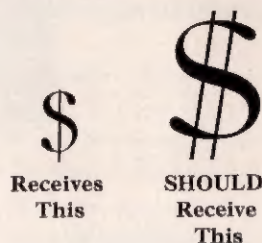
WHY should you pay a nickel of your hard-earned money to the school each week? Think of all the ice cream sodas, candy, and gum that this nickel would buy you; but of course you're too thrifty to spend it on some foolish thing like the nickel collection. There are

probably many students who do not even understand what the nickel collection is all about. It is to these, and to everybody else as well, that we most earnestly say: "Read the following paragraphs; make a sincere resolution to pay your nickel *this week*; don't wait until your ship comes in, because it has probably sunk far out to sea."

In a nutshell this is what happens to the nickel collection: Approximately one-fourth is given to the STUDENT'S PEN—and here every penny is stretched just about as far as it can be stretched and still remain within the law. Think of it, the STUDENT'S PEN has to pay the printer, the engraver, and all other persons connected with the publishing of it. It has to pay an additional charge for high grade paper, for colored ink, for cuts (each full page cut costs from ten to fifteen dollars), for everything else that goes to make up a good magazine—and all on ten dollars a week. No, the STUDENT'S PEN doesn't cost much—only about \$1600 a year. The difference between the PEN's share of the nickel collection and the total cost is made up through the advertisements and occasional contributions from the school fund.

If you feel faint after reading about what becomes of one-fourth of the nickel collection, prepare to have some one catch you after you have learned about the other three-quarters of

### The NICKEL COLLECTION



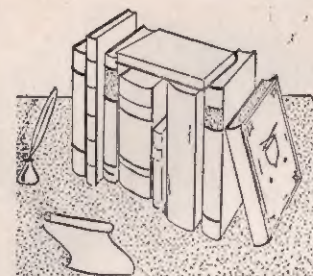
it. Baseball, basketball, football, tennis, track, hockey, and every other sport carried on at Pittsfield High have to endure on a few paltry gate receipts and three-fourths of a nickel collection which is almost a farce.

Surely there are many so-called football and baseball heroes, bystanders, STUDENT'S PEN enthusiasts, and the like who refuse to pay a nickel a week. We hope these people will read this article and realize that without that nickel a week there would be no football—in fact, no sports at all—no STUDENT'S PEN, nothing except a hollow mockery of former activities at Pittsfield High School.

Perhaps a few figures will bring this more clearly to mind. If everyone of the 1700 pupils attending this school would pay his nickel, the collection would amount to about eighty-five dollars a week. As it is now, less than one-half of this is brought in each week. You'll have to admit that something is radically wrong when over a period of a whole year less than \$1600 is brought in. It is within our power to double, even treble, this amount.

Think of the fine extra-curricula activities we have now, even with the small amount of money received. Think how much better a program we might have if everyone would pay his twentieth of a dollar. I'm willing to lay my last dime on the bet that every teacher thinks the same as Coach Carmody, who said: "If every person would pay his nickel, we could have a better program of sports and other activities than any other school in Massachusetts."

All this is the *why* for the nickel collection.



## Books on Parade

By Fred Stebbins

AS author of this column, I have an apology to make; namely, that I am unable to emphasize more of the outstanding modern books. I have tried to make one or another of these reviews appeal to everyone, and to that end I have chosen a variety of books.

First on my list comes *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, by that shy, mysterious, brilliant master of strategy sometimes called the uncrowned king of Arabia—Colonel T. E. Lawrence, who died recently in his efforts to save a boy from injury. He died as plain Aircraftsman Shaw, but who can help but remember him always not only by his work but also by this symbolical masterpiece of his life? To tell about the book would be futile because it is beyond all my efforts, but it is a book to be read many times and treasured. . . . It contains a very fascinating account of the Arab revolt and is considered by many to be the outstanding book of the century.

The idea of putting a person in stitches with laughter is certainly the dominant one in P. G. Wodehouse's new book, *Blandings Castle*. It lives up to the Wodehouse tradition in every respect with Lord Emsworth, Freddie, Mr. Mulliner, and Beach as leading characters. The style is excellent, as usual, and every page will cause at least ten laughs.

Of a more serious nature, but a book that can be enjoyed quite as much, is *North to the Orient*, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. It is a personal, non-technical account of one of

Lindbergh's greatest flights told by his wife in a charming, delightful style. Mrs. Lindbergh says, "We see not the country but the people;" one can thus easily understand why she and her husband have oft-times been called the good will ambassadors. A book to be read and reread with equal pleasure.

A short outdoor story of note is *The Voice of Bugle Ann* by McKinley Kantor. With its setting in the fox-hunting section of the Missouri hills and with the plot Mr. Kantor gives it, the book makes a packing good novel for anyone who likes dogs, adventure, romance, and even murder. Read it and you'll agree with me.

The master of intrigue, as Oppenheim may be justly called, has written another of his famous stories. *The Battle of Basinghall Street* is his latest and is considered one of his best. The style and plot are interesting, and the peculiar twist of the ending is pure Oppenheim. One of the best of the modern mysteries written by one of the best of the modern mystery writers.

A very timely book and one that would be interesting at any time is *Burners of Men* by Marcel Griaule. Written before the present Ethiopian crisis, it contains more truth than many of the more recent books on the subject. Mr. Griaule is a scientist and obtained data for this book several years ago when he hiked across the country. His comments on the wild life of the country and the barbarous

(Continued on page 35)



# Who's Who in P.H.S.



# And Why

## SIBYL DALRYMPLE

This young lady is busy these days—Sibyl Dalrymple is chairman of the Senior Play Committee, in charge of the event second only to graduation in Senior eyes. She chinks in her hobby, amateur acting, between times. Dislikes puns and caviar; thinks boys are a nuisance (which we doubt), but likes Popeye and cavemen. Incidentally her marks are clustered up in the A's.

## LORRAINE MILLET

The outstanding girl athlete in Pittsfield High is Lorraine Millet, better known as Bunny. She won the track meet last year. Also was on the winning team in girls' hockey, baseball, basketball. Is secretary of Gi-Y; a Senior B. Likes sports as a hobby, football, movies—but not Clark Gable. Blushes. Knits ardently.



## MARGARET HENNELLY

Senior B Treasurer Margaret Hennelly, besides being one of the prettiest girls in P.H.S. is—on her own boast—an expert dishwasher. Her ambition, to stop blushing. (It's a shame; she does it nicely.) Hi-Y member. Likes Freddie Bartholemew, football, biography, horseback riding. They call her Maggie—and she blushes.

## JEAN PHILLIPS

"High school's pretty nice," says Jean Phillips, president of Tri-Hi. Hobby is sports; ambition, to dive and play tennis well. Favorite studies French and Vergil. A Senior B. Loves ice cream. Likes football, but thinks that baseball and basketball are sissyish. Served on the refreshment committee (ice cream?) of the last Prom.



## HARRIET HOLDEN

The Gi-Y gavel is rapped this year by President Harriet Holden, a Senior B. She likes the club because of its social side. Also likes the high school for its advantages. Dislikes nothing except hoptoads—doesn't know why she picks on them. Is trying to think up a good ambition to tell us. Claims she'll get one yet.

## VIRGINIA WADE

Virginia Wade, Senior A class secretary, wants to become a bank president some day. Meantime fiddles a violin, long in the school orchestra, now in the Stanley Club. Swims—and well, too—for a hobby. Head of her class at Dawes. Honor Roll student here. Invites you to keep your nickels and pennies in her bank—when and if.



Sibyl Dalrymple



Margaret Hennelly



Harriet Holden



Lorraine Millet



Jean Phillips



Virginia Wade



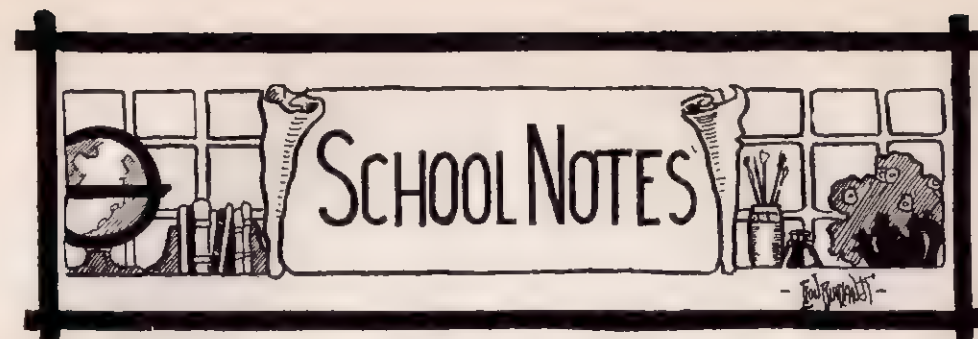
# P. H. S. Vogue

By Helen Gay, Dorothy Sharley, and Virginia Wade

Hi, everybody! Here are the latest fall fashion flashes direct from the P. H. S. faculty conference in Paris. If you don't care for their timely suggestions, just grit your teeth and try to wear it.

Teacher	Girls	Boys
Mr. Strout	Uniforms	Should wear coats, and should button shirts; no suspenders, or rolled sleeves
Miss Parker	A tailored dress, with fresh white accessories; shoes with moderate heels; hair, whether straight or waved, neatly arranged; natural colored finger-nails	
Mr. Leahy	Fancy clothes	Dark glasses
Miss Kennedy	Plain, tailored clothes or uniforms	Plain sport clothes
Miss Nagle	Polka dots	Stripes
Mr. McMahon	Clothes that do not offend others good taste	Said that he had never had enough money to find out what a well dressed boy should wear
Miss Ward and Miss McLaughlin	Sport clothes and sport shoes	Sport clothes with short sleeved sweaters and coats
Miss Kaliher	"A Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown," Or a graceful air, Or perhaps a pair Of white shoes trimmed with brown	Wooden neckties like S. Scott's
Mr. Murray	Clothes becoming and suited to the occasion	Same directions as for girls
Mr. Geary	Should wear more	Should wear less
Mr. Holly	Neat, business-like dresses, little or no make-up, colorless finger-nail polish	Coats, and shirts buttoned, neckties, shoes shined
Miss Millet	A nice, warm, wooly sweater to brave the dark and chilly fastnesses on the west side of the building, plus a perky bow or two	A gay plaid tie (at least that's what they all seem to be wearing)
Mr. Herrick	Use Senior A girls as models	Dress so as to be attractive to the wistful eyes of Senior A girls

N. B. How about having the students tell us next month how the teachers should dress?



ROBERT JACOB, Editor

John Cooney, Silvia Feinstein, Elliot Weisgarber

## CLASS ELECTIONS

Now that the class elections are over, we find that the following have been elected:

### Senior A's

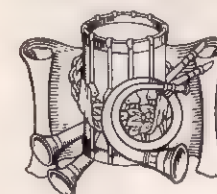
President, Robert Hopkins  
Vice President, William Kidney  
Secretary, Virginia Wade  
Treasurer, Mary Conroy

### Senior B's

President, William Evans  
Vice President, George Dominick  
Secretary, Lorraine Millet  
Treasurer, Margaret Hennelly

The orchestra consists of the following:  
Violins: Frank Hines, Karl Kessler, Howard Forhaltz, Constance Maioram, John Curletti, Lawrence Gilbert, Clementine Stefenuck, Jennie Barbro, Sophia Pomerantz, Ellsworth McCormack, Nicholas Kryd, Joseph Torchio, Ashton White, Edward Gebauer, Roger Kingman, Marguerite Brielman, Grace Rossi, Seymour Kolman, Caroline Sacco, Helen Bongini; Cellos: Daniel Secunda, Richard Scharmann; Clarinets: Paul Pagery, Elliot Weisgarber, Robert Jacob, John Langdon, Albertine Bauer; Oboe: John Reeve; Trumpets: Robert Lancaster, Betty Condon; Saxophones: Benjamin Samel, John Cooney, Charles Craven, Mary Tobin; French Horn; Kempton Wing; Baritone: Charles Kline; Drums: Richard Burdick, Ralph Levine; Piano: Donald Sullivan.

## ORCHESTRA TO OPEN SEASON



The High School Orchestra, our largest musical organization, is about to open what we hope will be one of its greatest seasons. The orchestra for the past three years has been very successful, owing to the fine work of Mr. Smith as conductor and of the many fine players that have been with it, including Louis Boos, Helen Pagery, and the late Albert Secunda. The orchestra is anticipating a concert in the very near future, followed by a dance which it is hoped will raise money to purchase three much-needed instruments; namely, a contra-bass, a cello, and a set of timpani.

## CALLING YE CONTRIBUTORS!

For the benefit of the sophomores and a number of juniors and seniors we would like to remind you of a PEN contribution box in the office. This box is for contributors to the PEN who are not on the staff. Any of you who have an inclination to write for the PEN should do so. When your finished product, whether it be poem, short story, news, or merely a suggestion, has passed your thorough inspection, kindly drop it into the box in the office labeled "STUDENT'S PEN" and we shall be very glad to receive it.





## BAND TO BE ORGANIZED



Mr. Smith, conductor of the band and orchestra, has announced that both of these organizations will open their season in about a week. Mr. Smith has purchased a new bass drum and a snare drum for the band, making the instrumentation almost complete. The members of the band are as follows: Clarinets: Albertine Bauer, William Carty, Robert Jacob, John Langdon, Paul Pagery, Elliot Weisgarber; Oboe: John Reeve; Trumpets: Betty Condron, Alan Grieve, Nils Guttornson, Irving Keene, Robert Lancaster, Donald McRell; Saxophones: Harold Cayburry, John Cooney, Eugene Curletti, Benjamin Samuel, Mary Tobin; Trombones: Roger Earle, Ernest St. John, William Walters; Baritone: Charles Kline; Sousaphone: Robert Hill; Drums: Richard Burdick, Ralph Levine.

## PLAY COMMITTEE CHOSEN

Sybil Dalrymple, head of the Senior Play committee, has chosen for her associates: Aileen Van Wyck, Isabel Jones, Robert Trauschke, Ann Schreck, Robert Martin, George Quadrozi, Ann Suhinski, and Theodore Musgrove. Preparations are being made for the presentation of the Senior play which is to be given in the latter part of December. The committee has chosen Miss Wade as coach. The play to be presented will be selected later.

## RING COMMITTEE

The Senior B class has chosen Daniel Secunda as the chairman of the ring committee. He will have for his associates the following: Jenny Crown, Hugh Chittenden, Rene Dondi, Lillian Miller, Earl Kanter, Joseph Condron, Betty Oslett, and Alfred Polidoro.

## COMING ASSEMBLIES

The assemblies listed below, arranged by Mr. Strout, will be presented at our school during the next seven months. Season tickets for the whole six assemblies may be purchased for twenty-five cents or, if you wish, you may purchase separate tickets at ten cents each. As yet the date for the sale of the tickets has not been announced, but Mr. Strout promises to put these tickets on sale very soon.



November 8: Geoffrey F. Morgan will be the first in this series. He will speak on the "How and Why of an Education." Other speakers emphasize the value and importance of athletics and other activities. Here is a man who stimulates an interest in the school as the place to get an education. And he knows whereof he speaks. Twenty years as a school and college teacher, an abiding faith in the young people of this generation, and the knack of saying what he means in understandable language make this one of the best addresses ever given to students here.

December 4: Wallace Bruce Amsbary will speak on "Watching the World Go On." Mr. Amsbary, sixteen years Lecturer in General Literature at the Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, is the author of several volumes of verse and prose, much of it dealing with the quaint folkways and enchanting dialect of the French-Canadian, to whom he has given almost life-long interest and affection. He has not only traveled the broad highway of the classics, but also has a kindly and understanding knowledge of the intimate byways of folk-lore.

In his visits to schools and colleges he entertains his audiences with regional types of American character, humor, and life, in song and story. The immediate result will be the finest kind of enjoyment; the end product, real education.

January 9: Cleveland P. Grant will speak and show pictures on the subject, "Birds on Parade." Cleve Grant brings close to us the birds of our own outdoors—birds we know and love, as well as many of those we have never even seen. He shows movies of the last heath hen, a species practically extinct. The wise old owl, the chattering chickadee, the impudent blue-jay, wild geese—so graceful in water or air and so lumbering on land, the important grouse and prairie chicken strutting at courting time—all parade across the screen.

February 19: Dr. Luther S. H. Gable will address the High School on "Miracles of Research." The uses of radium and the influence of cosmic rays on the earth and its inhabitants are two of the most important scientific developments of the present age, and Dr. Gable focuses attention on the research which has opened wonderful new avenues of activity to mankind. He returned last fall from a seven thousand mile trip, mostly by airplane, to the Great Bear Lake region of Canada, close to the Arctic Circle, where extensive deposits of rich radium-bearing ore have recently been found.

April 21: Harold D. Edie will speak and show pictures on "Building a City in the Shadow of the North Pole." In 1912 Harold Eide, a lad in his teens said farewell to his native Norway and sailed north with his surveyors' instruments and a camera, unsuspectingly and quietly to make history there.

Like his hardy Norse ancestors he had to face each new situation almost bare-handed. There were no planes, no radio, no snowmobiles, no electricity to ease the way. Once he trained four wolves to pull a dog-sled; he made ski trips of almost unbelievable length and several times faced death on surveying trips when trapped on hostile shore lines by the tremendous tides. Man's two-fisted defiance of howling blasts and black winter night, recorded in grim fashion by Eide's

camera pictures has here again brought nearer the conquest of the entire globe.

May 6: The Plantation Melody Singers, a negro quartet, will give a concert containing the music of their race. This concert affords a two-fold opportunity: first, students will hear fine singing of a cleverly diversified repertoire by four splendid voices; and second, they will leave the assembly with an intelligent understanding of the various types of negro songs.

## CONGRATULATIONS

To John Zaiken, winner of the Berkshire County Caddy Championship at the Pon-toosuc Lake Course. In a group of over thirty entrants Johnny came out on top, defeating Mahauski and Vincent, who were tied for second, and Hish, who came in third. It is a great honor to have two of the winners from P. H. S. Again we extend to you our hearty congratulations.

## MISCELLANY

Mr. Conroy recently explained to one of his Junior Chemistry classes that he will not tolerate any of the old-style "cribbing" during a test. However, he went on to say that if any one has any new ways of "cribbing," he will be glad to let them demonstrate for him.

During the World Series a sixth period geometry class of Mr. Geary's was kept in close touch with the games. It was noted that every fifteen minutes Mr. Geary would leave the room or that someone would knock at the door and then Mr. Geary would return to the classroom and give the complete score and line-up of the game.





James O'Neil, Editor  
Edward Farrell, Joseph Farrell, George Kuhn

#### PITTSFIELD 6—LEE 0

Pittsfield High opened its 1935 football season on September 28 with a win over the Lee High Wildcats by a score of 6-0.

The Purple and White dominated play in the first quarter and climaxed a long drive by scoring early in the second period. Co-captain Trepacz scored the touchdown on an off-tackle slant; Spud Arigoni fumbled on the try for the extra point.

In the third quarter Trepacz made an eighty-two yard run for a touchdown, but it was ruled out because the Pittsfield line was off side on the play.

Another touchdown was prevented by Lee's scrappy line in the closing period when they held the White Elephants on the five-yard marker.

Lee made no serious threat to score. Co-captains Trepacz and Kellar, and Evans, whose broken-field running featured the game, played well for Pittsfield. Sohl, Bonafind, and Davis excelled for Lee.

The Pittsfield substitutes also showed up very well.

#### VARSITY 13—SCRUBS 0

Due to the cancellation of the Hotchkiss game, the Varsity played the second team on October 4 and scored a victory 13-0.

In the opening quarter Co-captain Trepacz scored a touchdown for the Varsity and

#### 1935 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Lee at Lee	Sept. 28
(P. H. S., 6; Lee 0)	
Varsity vs. Scrubs	Oct. 4
(Varsity, 13; Scrubs, 0)	
Williamstown at home	Oct. 12
(P. H. S., 34; Williamstown, 0)	
Albany Academy at home	Oct. 19
(P. H. S., 6; Albany, 0)	
Adams at home	Oct. 26
Drury at North Adams	Nov. 2
Poughkeepsie at home	Nov. 9
Turners Falls at home	Nov. 16
St. Joseph's at home	Nov. 28

Pete Kellar kicked the extra point. The rest of the period was fought on even terms.

In the second period the "B" team threatened to score, but the Varsity bore down and the drive failed.

Play in the third quarter was comparatively uneventful.

In the fourth period the scrubs took to the air in a vain attempt to score. One of these aerals was intercepted in the closing minutes of the game by Spud Arigoni, who raced thirty yards for the second Varsity touchdown.

Pete Kellar's kick for the extra point went astray as the game ended.



#### PITTSFIELD DEFEATS WILLIAMSTOWN

On Columbus Day, playing their first home game of the season, the Purple and White won over a weak Williamstown team 34-0. During the game Coach Stewart used three full teams.

Pittsfield started scoring early in the first quarter when a fumble on a bad pass from the center was recovered by Polito on the five-yard line. On Pittsfield's first offensive play of the game, John Arigoni scored a touchdown.

Kellar's place kick for the conversion failed. Two more points were added to Pittsfield's score when another bad pass from center went over the Williamstown goal and was downed for a safety by Beverly.

Pittsfield scored again after Pete Kellar's run-back of a Williamstown punt to the twenty-yard line early in the second quarter. After two plays, Trepacz took the ball over from the two-yard line. Kellar's place kick again added the extra point. Late in this

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## GIRLS' SPORTS

By Mary Atkinson and Mary McMahon

ENTHUSIASM runs high, sports are numerous, candidates plentiful, and all in all, the girls' sports of P. H. S. are hitting a new high.

TRACK, always a popular sport, has many zealous Sophomores and Juniors walking around stiff-kneed and lame. But the pleasure one gets from it makes up for the two or three days of discomfort.

ARCHERY! Oh, for the rank of a Senior! Then I, too, would be trying to hit a bull's-eye—but mine arrow would most likely hit the wind-shield of some passing vehicle. How elated a girl must feel when she even comes close to hitting that little disk in the center. But lameness plays no favorites; it visits the mighty Seniors as well as the lowly Sophomores. Those who take part in the tournament will be selected during the next three weeks. Forget about those aching muscles, girls, and start practicing.

THE CHILLY Berkshire weather, which hockey enthusiasts will have to endure until the latter part of October, when the three teams selected by Miss Ward will contend for the championship, doesn't seem to make the game any less enjoyable; perhaps it is because the players are so active.

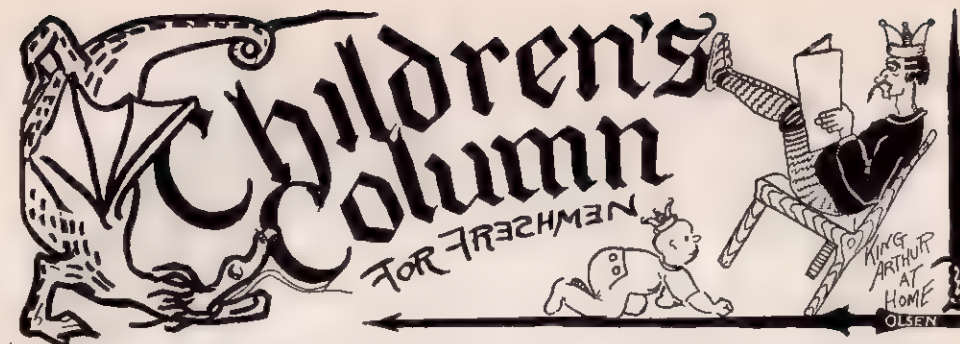
THE TAP CLASSES under Miss Ward's direction are progressing rapidly. But for a while yet Eleanor Powell will not have to worry about a P. H. S. girl surpassing her in dancing feats. Some of the advanced pupils, though, are a credit to themselves and to their teacher. They really are very good.

P. H. S. GIRLS are displaying great enthusiasm in taking part in the tennis tournament, which is well under way by now. From the bewildered Sophomores to the sophisticated Seniors, each girl is proving to herself that she will not always be just an amateur at the game. Everyone is making a guess as to who the winner will be. Whether the one who comes out victorious be a Senior, Junior or Sophomore, may the best girl win!

MISS McLAUGHLIN'S CLASS, consisting of about thirty girls, is now working on a dance called "Gracious Maid." These girls are taking every opportunity to become poised and graceful. "Bavarian Holiday" by Ruth Dennison is the next dance scheduled. Let us hope that these girls do as well as the "Extase" group did last year.

DOROTHEA POULIN, one of the girls who was very active on the P. H. S. swimming team last year, didn't neglect her swimming during the summer. Dorothea entered the Senior National Meet held in New York in July and did exceedingly well. She is now attending college in Springfield and intends to become a physical educator.

HELEN ROARK, who is still a student at P. H. S., will be a valuable aid to our swimming team. Helen captured first place in the Junior National Meet held in Boston last February and came out fifth in the Senior National Meet held in New York last July. Good luck, Helen, and here's hoping you'll help to bring victory to P. H. S. COME ON, all you swimmers, try and make the team the best P. H. S. has ever had!



To pander to the depraved tastes of those unfortunate sophomores who are low enough to crave scandal, the STUDENT'S PEN presents the Children's Column, presided over by those two super-sleuths, ant kitty and Uncle Len.



## WARNING!!

If you have a secret—b e t t e r watch out. Two prying snoops are on the trail of all the gossip they can find. No one is safe. This means you.

Students are requested not to run through Mr. Carey's yard in search of stolen apples. Sophomore B's take notice.

Mr. Conroy: "Has anyone a match? Has anyone a match? What?!? no one has a match! Then I'll have to use one of my own!"

A certain young man whose name is not Davenport, but somewhat similar in meaning, has taken up knitting. He is now making himself a pink skating cap. A scarf will follow. Well, sofa so good.

It will be bad for the fellows if the girls take up wrestling, especially strangle holds and clutches.

Eagle Headline: SHOPLIFTERS WANTED HERE. Anyone desiring to fill the bill may apply at the office.

It seems that the girls use lipstick to keep the chaps away.

It was a dark, dark night. Four ebony figures crept stealthily through the enshrouding gloom, one armed with a sharp knife. No star shone in the inverted bowl of the sky; there were no onlookers to the dastardly deed about to be perpetrated. Truly it was a night for crime. On crept the quartet—onward, ever onward. Suddenly, as if by a signal, all four leaped up an embankment, and, clinging to a nearby fence with one hand, groped blindly in the darkness with the other, feeling nothing—nothing—NOTHING AT ALL! Somebody else had arrived there first and stolen all the grapes!

Miss Kaliher: "Learn the Hepburn Act—and it's not a new movie."

Who is the "little blonde" who keeps pestering Warren Couch via telephone? He'd really like to know.

"Where's everybody?!?"  
"Here I am. What do you want?"

Hint to the bored: Why not take solid geometry and set your fancy soaring through space? Mr. Herberg says it should make you somewhat dizzy—but what do you do if you're dizzy in the first place?

(Continued on Page 33)





## SPORT SNAPS

Many of Pittsfield's most promising candidates, especially linemen, were lost because of sickness or ineligibility.

\* \* \* \*

Many of Pittsfield's alumni are "going places" in college football circles. . . . Joe Wotkoski at Fordham . . . Andy Corinett at St. Lawrence . . . Archie Allen at Springfield . . . Floyd Hinckly at Brown and many others still carry on.

\* \* \* \*

With football just well under way, thoughts have turned to basketball. . . The County loop has been formed and Pittsfield opens with Adams at the Mothertown on Dec. 20. Coach Stewart has four members of last year's "appendicitis" squad and the Junior Varsity for seasoned material.

## PITTSFIELD DEFEATS WILLIAMSTOWN

(Continued from Page 25)

period another touchdown was made on a pass Barnini to Scullary.

In the third quarter, Arigoni scored a touchdown on a nice twenty-five-yard run and Kellar converted.

MacHaffie scored the last Pittsfield touchdown in the closing period on a line buck from the three-yard marker.

Jake Barnini, playing his first Varsity game, showed up very well as a quarterback. Trepacz, Kellar, and Arigoni gained most of the ground for Pittsfield while Joe Gull and Polito played their usual good game in the line.

MacHaffie, Renaud and Russo showed most promise among the many substitutes.

Coach Carmody is organizing his leader's class from which he picks his gym team. . . . Last year they captured a third in the State meet at Lynn.

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They're crashing through the door,—  
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That's how the crowds are fighting  
To get in the *Sugar Bowl!*  
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Mass.

## ALUMNI NOTES

By George B. Kuhn

The following Pittsfield High School graduates are now studying in higher educational institutions:

Claire Ackerman, '35, Bennington College.

Lester Balmer, '35, football and basketball star, Peekskill Academy.

Marjorie Benedict, '35, Syracuse University.

Norma Cady, '35, Green Mountain College, Poultney, Vermont.

Rosemary Cummings, tennis brilliant, Our Lady of the Elms, Chicopee,

Bruce Burnham, '35, tennis star and coach, Williams College.

William Dominick, '35, track star, Cornell University.

John Adams, former class president of '34, Dartmouth College.

Ida Lightman, '35, swimming star, Brenau College, Gainesville, Virginia.

William McEachron, '35, debater, Purdue University.

Frank Mylnarczyk, '35, four letter man, Vermont Academy.

John Prodgers, '35, football and basketball player, Riverdale Academy.

Ralph Simmons, '35, football captain, Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Virginia.

Irving Rubin, '35, North Carolina University.

Ida Unger, '34, Columbia University.

\* \* \* \* \*

Frank Sherman is on the dean's list at Massachusetts State.

Albert Lucas, R. P. I. '37, who completed the junior course at the summer camps at Quantico, Virginia, where college undergraduates are trained for the Marine Corps, has been recommended for further training next summer. Following this he will be recommended for a commission in the Marine Corps reserve when he graduates.

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## CURTAINS

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City Savings Bank  
of PITTSFIELD

Branch Office:

UNION BLOCK, DALTON

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN

(Continued from Page 27)



Mr. Lynch won forty-five cents and three cigars during the World Series, and poor Mr. Hennessy had to go without his supper one night, all because he bet on the wrong side.

\* \* \*

A couple of our alumnae write home that they want to go to Annapolis or West Point and obtain positions smoothing the

fevered brows of home-sick cadets.

\* \* \*

Star Scott says that football players will wear nasturtiums in their hair this year or twine them around their little fingers. Miss Kaliher supplied this fashion hint.

\* \* \*

What the STUDENT'S PEN needs is a good waste-basket.

\* \* \*

We see where Sir Giftos, that daring young shiek, became more daring and received a close clip. Or did the razor slip?

\* \* \*

Miss Morris (discussing a courtship in the *Return of the Native*): "He didn't press his suit for six weeks."

Everpresent voice from the rear: "Gee, wadda mess he must have been."

\* \* \*

"Turk" (look up back number) had several enjoyments during vacation, among which was Barker at the Common Bazaar. He was ably supported by Mr. Conroy.

# Busy Bee

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Sandwiches

Sodas

Salads

Sundaes

## Eagle Printing and Binding Company

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



### BOOKS ON PARADE

(Continued from Page 17)

practices of the tribes (hence the name of the book) are set forth with a breath-taking candor that will undoubtedly give some people the creeps when they read it. However, as an account that will give one a general idea of what the Italian legions will have to overcome, it is, without doubt, as good a book as can be found.

*Green Rushes* by Maurice Walsh is also recommended. It has an interesting plot with the outdoors as a background and wholesome characters. A corking good adventure-romance that from start to finish has appeal for both boys and girls.

In conclusion I wish to thank the Open Book Shop for the assistance they have given in the preparation of this column. Any book reviewed here or any other popular book may be obtained through their rental library.

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# The Student's Pen



**OCTOBER, 1935**